

ONE MILLION A YEAR

REMARKABLE RECORD MADE BY ALIEN JEW.

Fortune of Enormous Proportions Built Up From Most Humble Beginning—Truly This is Land of Opportunity.

A Jewish boy came to this country fifty years ago, with little in his purse, but a boundless ambition in his heart. He had determination, courage and physical strength. He was honest and trustworthy. He had been taught by virtuous parents and he brought their benediction with him when he landed, a stranger in a strange land.

Beginning as a humble errand boy in a shop, he rose to a place behind the counter and speedily to the ownership of a little establishment. Small it was, but it was the day of opportunity and he made the most of his.

Fifty years have passed. The monument to his zeal and integrity is a magnificent business block, one of the largest of its kind on the most fashionable thoroughfare of trade in the greatest city of the land. Here the little Jewish boy reached the culmination of his aspirations.

His goal had been success. He achieved it beyond his wildest dreams. Wealth poured in upon him in a ceaseless and increasing stream. He devoted much of it to the care and comfort of an army of employees. He became fascinated with the love of art. For a bit of porcelain \$1,000 was a common price, \$10,000 for a rare vase, and \$250,000 for a beautiful painting. Thus he enjoyed the fruits of his labor.

The surging crowd on the city's royal highway on a weekday morning saw with surprise every iron shutter on the great building of the merchant prince drawn to the sidewalk. The rich display of priceless goods in the show windows was hidden from sight. Upon the door the passing throng eagerly read the little white placard: "Closed on account of the death of the proprietor."

"Fifty million dollars in fifty years—a million a year! Shall we begrudge it to the earner? Shall we denounce him for his success? Shall we spurn his money as 'tainted'? Shall we revile the Jew for his riches?"

The immigrant boy became a merchant prince, a lover of mankind, and a generous dispenser of help for the needy. It is not a tale of one great city in our favored land. It is an oft-told tale in many American cities and of many a noble-minded Jew.

This is a land of opportunity for all. Let envy rest!—Leslie's Weekly.

"Copper."

How about copper? What has happened to it? Who does not remember when it played a most indispensable part—in our industry, yes—but more especially in our psychology?

How we used to worry about it as we wended our ways to our offices in the morning and how we grabbed the newspapers to read about its antics as we left our offices in the afternoon! How the furrows deepened in the brows of our brokers and our financiers as they eagerly watched the tickers for a few ticks of hope. Whether Amalgamated or dissipated, crystallized or amorphous, as copper went so went the fortunes of the entire nation.

Tempora mutantur! How many things are now allowed to happen without copper's being taken into the slightest consideration! If copper has any work to do, it is permitted to do it without being subjected to articles in the magazines or editorials in the newspapers. It is a fickle public! But still, if we were copper, we should hardly know whether to be joyful or aggrieved over this loss of prestige—Life.

Bells of St. Paul's.

The bells of St. Paul's Cathedral, according to a writer in the British Workman, are rung on Sundays, holy days, and special occasions by twelve members of the Society of the College Youths. To become a member of this society very severe tests have to be passed in campanology. The duty of chiming the bells for the week-day service falls upon Mr. George Harrison, who, by passing the ropes through a series of pulleys and bringing them together, is enabled to chime six bells by himself. He chimes the bells for the 8 o'clock service, starting at 7:45 with two bells for ten minutes, then ringing one bell for five minutes. For the 10 and 4 o'clock services he chimes six bells for ten minutes, then one bell for five minutes. "The ringing of the twelve bells on Sunday morning and afternoon," says Mr. Harrison, "is done by the members of the Society of College Youths, which society has been in existence since 1637. There is no doubt it is one of the finest peals of bells to be found."

Black Bread the Best Diet.

Dr. Kunert of Berlin, one of the highest authorities on food analysis, considers that black rye bread should be the chief item of nourishment of healthy men and women, and maintains that, in earlier times, when the working classes did not eat meat to any extent, but nourished themselves on black bread, leguminous food and groats, they were full of pith, and were strong and healthy. Since meat, wheat bread and sugar became the staples of daily fare their power of resisting disease has sunk. Even for weak stomachs Dr. Kunert prefers black bread.

MADE EFFECTIVE CAROM SHOT

Remarkable Feat of Marksmanship That is Credited to a Texan of Kentucky Descent.

Shooting to kill is notoriously a fine art both in Kentucky and in Texas. No wonder, then, that the best shot of that sort on record should have been made by a Texan of Kentucky descent. We may call him Hank. His enemies, however, had other names for him. It was, in fact, because a particular one of these enemies, commonly known as Tom, had been indiscreet in this matter of nomenclature that Hank had extra-oiled his six-shooters and gone out to take a walk in the cool of the evening.

Tom was warned, and with his six-shooters also extra-oiled, intrenched himself behind one of the solid brick pillars of the courthouse. It was past dusk and the swinging kerosene lamp in the porch failed to illuminate the gloom of the village street where Hank was with his battery, while it made an easy target of a human head poked from behind the pillar, as it must be if the owner were to do any effective shooting on his own account. Tom wisely stuck behind the pillar. Hank maneuvered in vain. Wherever he stood, the pillar was between him and every bit of Tom. At last he gave vent to his disgust in these words, distinctly overheard by listeners well under cover across the road:

"I see I've got to try a carom shot or I'll never get the coyote."

He carefully selected his position, took aim at a certain spot on the brick wall behind the pillar, and pulled the trigger. The bullet went true to the mark, ricocheted, caught Tom in the side of the head, and killed him where he stood.

The story is vouched for by a member of the Republican party in Texas. —New York Evening Post.

News of an Ancient King.

Following his recent return from Egypt to England, Prof. Flinders Petrie, the eminent Egyptologist, lectured before the British School of Archeology for Egypt. He told of having exhumed the mummy of a woman that offered evidence that labor unions existed 5000 B. C. She was a member of a "union of cake sellers," and the inscription that told of her occupation also declared that she was the daughter of one Apollonius.

The latest Egyptian excavations under Doctor Petrie's hand have been rich in discoveries, according to the London correspondent of the New York Sun. A king who had hitherto been unknown to history is now brought to the knowledge of the world. His name was Ha. No portrait of him was found, but a clue to his existence was given by the carving of a jar that was found in one of the graves.

"It is a scribble drawing," says Professor Petrie, and was evidently done by a prehistoric man. There is no mention of this king since Mena, who was the first king of Egypt; so he must have belonged to a date previous to that, and was probably short-lived." —Youth's Companion.

Ship Struck in a Hayfield.

The remains of an excursion steamer may be seen in a hayfield three hundred feet above the lake of Loen, in Norway. This oddly placed wreck is the sole relic of a terrible landslide which took place in 1906, when the whole side of a mountain suddenly slipped into the lake, raising a great wave more than 300 feet high, which drowned everybody living along the shores, more than 60 people perishing. The steamer, which was moored on the lake at the time, was carried on the crest of the wave over a perpendicular cliff and deposited, as already stated, more than 300 feet above the normal level of the water, more than a quarter of a mile away from its anchorage. It is a torn and battered wreck, every bit of woodwork has been wrenched off, and the twisted steel work testifies to the force of the wave which cast it ashore.—Wide World Magazine.

Not Much Doubt.

Several Americans in London recently applied to an agency for an automobile in which to go sightseeing. There was difficulty in getting one on such short notice, but when the hour arrived a luxurious limousine car was placed at their disposal. The chauffeur proved very informed. When they returned they remarked that they had never had such a car or such a driver.

"Well, it is not often that one like this is for hire," was the reply. "Did you notice the coat of arms on the door? That automobile belongs to a lady," naming one of the wealthiest American heiresses married to an English peer, "but she is out of town."

The Americans who had the use of Lady's car are wondering whether she or the chauffeur enjoyed the profits.

Waiting for Him to Die.

Two tramps were crossing a bridge over a river one day, when they saw a notice which read: "Five dollars will be given to anyone saving life from this bridge!"

"You jump in, Bill, and I'll come and rescue you," said one.

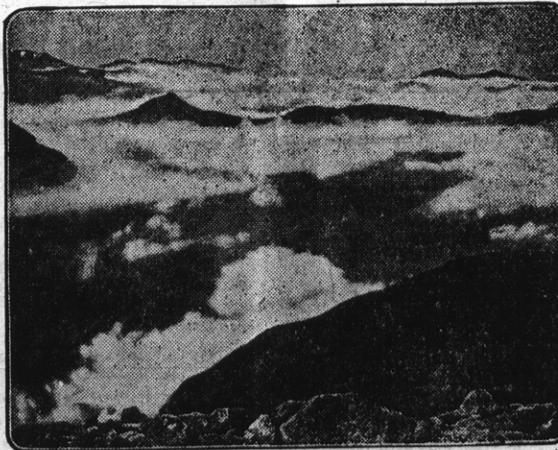
"Right-ho!" said the other. "And then we'll share the quid." Accordingly one of the tramps plunged into the river and began to yell for help. Mike, friend on the bridge, turned to his friend struggling in the water, and, with an excited countenance called out:

"Sorry, Bill, but I've just seen a notice that says ten dollars will be paid for a dead body!"—Pearson's Weekly.



AT ONE period Ben MacDhul was held to be the highest hill in Great Britain, but with the advent of more accurate scientific methods in the determining of altitude it was forced to yield pride of place to Ben Nevis, the summit of which, dominating the Atlantic seaboard of Scotland, stands just over 4,400 feet above sea level. In reality Ben Nevis has a great superiority in height over the first-mentioned hill, for at its base it is no more than 100 feet above the waters of the Atlantic, whereas Ben MacDhul takes its rise from the high ground of Mar at an elevation of quite 1,500 feet. It was early afternoon when we left Glen Nevis with the object of spending the night on the summit of the Ben. After a long spell of cold and misty conditions, an Atlantic anti-cyclone, which had some time been struggling to dominate our weather, at length gained the upper hand over a series of small depressions, and a succession of magnificent days was the result.

Birches on Lower Slopes. The walk up the lower slopes of Ben Nevis is comparatively uninteresting, though we noted that up to the 1,500-foot level straggling birches clothed the hillside, and we were interested in comparing the limit of their growth with that attained by them on the Cairngorm hills. As we gained the upper reaches of the hill the starchy saxifrage (Saxifraga stellaris) and also Saxifraga hypnoides were common, and an occasional plant of the parsley fern (Allosorus crispus) protruded its delicate foliage from between the rocks. For the last 1,000 feet of the climb, however, vegetation was quite absent, hundreds of acres of volcanic "scree" covering the hill as far as the eye could reach. At an altitude of 4,000 feet the writer watched for some time a number of



LOOKING TOWARD ATLANTIC SEABOARD

ravens, apparently a brood of the present season accompanied by the parent birds. They were feeding on a spur of the hill, and as they rose gave an exhibition of soaring powers little inferior to those of the eagle himself. It was near sunset as we reached the summit cairn. Even with the summer half gone, the winter's snow still covered the plateau, in places to a depth of quite four feet, and cornices of snow projected over the giant precipices. Though the sun had already set in the glens below, the plateau was still bathed in its soft rays, the snowfields in its glow soft rays, the snowfields in its glow taking on a faint pinkish tinge. Aro-taking in its effect. Lower and lower sank the sun in the northwestern sky. Passing just above the tops of the Cooill hills in the Isle of Skye, and throwing out their jagged peaks in strong relief, it ultimately sank beneath the horizon across the hills of Knoidart at exactly four minutes to nine. For a full three-quarters of an hour after this time its rays still shot high into the northern sky, and at no period of the night did the dull red afterglow disappear entirely from the horizon. A short time previously we had seen the light of the sun reflected on the waters of the far Atlantic, and now the hills on the island of Rum—the home of heavy stages—stood out sharply. Near by we could make out a strip of the low-lying island of Eigg, and the Helvetic, with their conical peaks, prominent among which was Hecla, were distinct on the horizon. To the east all was haze, save where a waning moon struggled, just above the horizon, to pierce the mist with her silvery rays.

Sea of Mist.

By dawn the entire face of the landscape had changed. During the brief hours of darkness a pall of white mist, whose place of origin was the cold waters of the North sea, had crept silently and rapidly over the hundreds of miles of country dominated by the hilltop. From this vast sea of mist the tops of the highest hills stood clear and sharp in the morning air.

Such a sight as we were privileged to look down upon is one which is extremely rare in this country, and during an extensive and varied wandering on the Cairngorms at every season of the year the writer had never once experienced similar conditions, when, more than at all other times, the lover of the grand and lofty in nature has instilled into him the charm of the hills in its most inspiring form. Prior to the rising of the sun the mist was of a cold gray tinge. Then gradually, almost imperceptibly, a rosy hue was imparted to the clouds beneath, and soon after sunrise the shadow of the Ben was projected on the mists for many miles to the southwest. Scarcely a breath of wind stirred on the summit of the hills, but far below the clouds were being guided westwards, and during their silent progress assumed in places the forms of gigantic billows, or rose above the average level as they slipped over some less prominent hill which barred their progress. By ten o'clock the sea of cloud was as yet unbroken, and now reflected the rays of the sun with dazzling brilliance. High above the mist to the eastward the Cairngorm hills were visible, Cairn Toul (4,241 feet) being specially prominent across the 50 miles of intervening country. Its contour was clearly seen—even the corrie of Chais an Toul, and further north, the slopes of Braerisch, with the large snowfield in the Horseman's corrie. Across the valley of the Doe, Ben MacDhul was made out, the cairn on its summit being distinctly visible. Loch-na-gar held its top above the clouds, and, just appearing above the summit of Ben Alder, one could distinguish the outline of Beinn a' Ghla, "the Mist Mountain," so named because its summit is often shrouded in cloud when the surrounding hills are clear. But the most prominent

TO DESTROY CANADA THISTLE VARIETIES OF MUTTON

Being Perennial Plant, it Propagates Itself by Means of Seeds and Its Underground Parts.

This weed occurs in the northern states from Maine to Virginia, west to North Dakota and Kansas, and in the Pacific coast states from Washington to northern California.

Being a perennial plant, the Canada thistle propagates itself both by its underground parts and its seeds. The character of the underground growth must therefore be understood in order to attack the weed intelligently. The root, which varies in size from one-quarter of an inch or more down to very small feeding rootlets, branches and spreads in all directions more or less horizontally. The depth of this root varies from a few inches to a few feet below the soil surface, depending on the kind of soil in which it has been formed. From any point along the root buds may form and



Characteristic Growth of the Canada Thistle. The Shoots Are Illustrated in Various Stages of Development, From the Most Advanced Down to Buds Just Starting From the Roots.

send up root shoots, which appear above the soil surface as stems or tops of the plant. At any time during the growing season shoots in all stages of development can be found, from the most advanced down to those just starting from the roots.

After this weed has obtained a foothold the best way to eradicate it is to prevent it from sending up top or above-ground growth, which finally causes the roots to die. This is the basic principle which must be kept in mind at all times. The top of the plant serves much the same purpose as the lungs of animals, so that if the plant is continually deprived of all that vital part it must soon die.

PROBLEM OF WINTER BUTTER

Most Important Part of Work is Proper Ripening of Cream—Churn at Least Twice a Week.

(By S. C. MILLER.)

We cannot hope to make good butter without the proper ripening of the cream. This is in fact the most important part of the work. Most farm people keep skimming during the entire week, putting all into one lot, and often the last day's churning is skimmed directly into the churn, and of course this has not ripened at all.

This plan gives cream of six different periods of ripening. It is almost impossible to get good butter from week-old cream.

Churning should be done at least twice a week. After the cream is taken off it should be kept at low temperature to discourage the growth of bacteria until about twelve hours before churning, when the starter should be added to ripen it, and the temperature raised to 65 degrees or a little over.

In summer churning can be done at 58 degrees, but in winter the temperature should be from six to eight degrees higher. If churned at more than 65 degrees a good deal of the curd may be incorporated, and this will make butter of a cheesy flavor, which does not keep well.

Rancid butter is caused by insufficient washing. The milk left in the butter will soon become strong, and it should be all washed out, care being taken, however, not to overwash the butter, as this will take out the good flavor.

In salting, the mass should be spread out thinly and the salt sprinkled over evenly, because it is almost impossible to work the salt through all of the butter if it is thrown all in one place.

Streaked or mottled butter is nearly always caused by uneven salting. After salting, the butter should be allowed to stand for five or six hours and then worked again.

Our experience is that unless the farmer is well equipped to make butter in very large quantities, with access to a good private trade which will pay fair prices, it is better to sell the cream than to attempt to make butter for the market.

LEAF MOLD MOST VALUABLE

Necessary Addition to Soil in Growing Seedlings in Open Air—Turn and Water Leaves Often.

Leaf mold is a valuable and necessary addition to the soil, used in potting plants, in the hot bed, or for growing seedlings in the open air. It is also used when used for a mulch on the lawn. It makes soil friable and aids root formation.

Dig a hole large enough to accommodate the leaves you have gathered, and pack them in layers, stamping and watering each layer. Turn and water the leaves several times a year.

Leaves may be piled in the fence corner, and soil and brush used to keep them from blowing away. Stir the leaves every few weeks, watering them thoroughly every time.

Equal Chance for All.

It is an easy matter to put all the little pigs together to be fed by themselves or to enlarge the troughs so they may all have an equal chance.

MEAT NEED NEVER BECOME AN UNWELCOME MEAL

So Many Ways of Serving It That It Will Always Be Appetizing—Some of These Recipes May Be Appreciated.

Haricot of Mutton—Two tablespoons butter or drippings, two tablespoons chopped onion, 1½ pounds lean mutton cut into two-inch pieces, two cups water, salt and pepper, lima beans, chopped parsley.

Fry the onion in the butter, remove the onion, add the meat and brown; cover with water and cook until the meat is tender. Serve with a border of lima beans, seasoned with salt, pepper, butter and a little chopped parsley. Fresh, canned, dried or evaporated lima beans may be used in making this dish.

Stewed Sheep's Hearts—Two sheep's hearts, two ounces fat salt pork, two tablespoons minced onion, two tablespoons flour, one-quarter teaspoon pepper, 1½ pints boiling water, salt.

Split and wash the hearts, season them with the salt and pepper, and roll them in the flour. Fry out the pork and add the onion to the pork fat and cook them ten minutes. At the end of that time remove the pork and onion to a stewpan and fry the hearts in the fat. Transfer hearts to the stewpan. Rinse the frying pan with the water, which should then be poured over the hearts. Use the flour that remains after the hearts are rolled to thicken the broth.

Boiled Mutton With Oyster—Four pounds mutton from the shoulder, one onion, one pint oysters, salt.

Bone the mutton and stuff with half the oysters, or make a gash in the meat near the bone and insert half the oysters and tie into shape. Half cover the meat with water and cook in a closely covered dish for two hours. With the remaining oysters make the following sauce:

Oyster Sauce—Two tablespoons butter or mutton fat, one tablespoon flour, one-half pint oysters, one-half of the liquid in which the mutton has been boiled.

Drain the oysters and heat and strain the liquor. Wash the oysters, add them to the hot oyster liquor and cook until they are plump. Remove the oysters and keep warm while making a sauce of the butter, flour, oyster liquor, and season with salt and pepper.

Steamed Mutton—Small pieces of mutton may be very satisfactorily prepared by covering the surface with powdered or finely chopped seasonings, as suggested in the foregoing recipe, and steaming it, or it may be steamed without seasonings.

Duck, Braised With Turnips.

Prepare a duck as for roasting. Line a small pan just large enough for the duck with slices of bacon, strewn over the bottom a little parsley, onions and lemon peel. Lay in the duck, add a carrot cut into strips, an onion, stuck with three cloves, season with pepper and cover with stock broth and a glass of white wine. Turn occasionally and simmer an hour or until done. Fry some slices of turnip in butter to a light brown, drain and add them to the stewpan, after removing the duck, which should be kept hot. When the turnips are tender, remove them and strain the gravy, thickening if necessary with a little flour. Put the duck on a dish, pour the hot gravy over it, and garnish with the turnips. Fry the turnips eight or ten minutes. Sufficient for five persons.

Unbaked Fruit Cake.

Take equal parts by weight, English walnuts, Brazil nuts or a mixture: Dates and figs (if preferred substitute raisins for figs). Put through the food chopper. Grease bowl or square cornered granite pan with butter, press this mixture down hard and let stand over night then turn out and slice cake.

Also:—Two cups of stoned and chopped dates, one cup chopped English walnuts, mix thoroughly, and press in same way. If liked add one-half cup chopped raisins.

Cucumber Pickles.

Plain little green cucumbers can be pickled like this: Wash and dry a hundred of them and put them in jars. Cover with a brine strong enough to bear an egg for 24 hours. Take from brine, wipe dry and put in clean jars. Cover with hot vinegar in which an onion, 12 whole cloves, three blades of mace and an ounce of mustard seed have been boiled.

Maple Sugar Cookies.

One cup of sugar, one cup of maple sugar finely shaved, one cup of butter, two well-beaten eggs, two tablespoons of water, one teaspoon of baking powder, and sufficient flour to roll. Bake in a quick oven. These cookies are especially nice when sprinkled with a layer of chopped nuts before baking.

Steamed Brown Bread.

One cup sweet milk, one cup sour milk, one teaspoon soda, one and one-half cup molasses, one-half cup flour, pinch of salt, one-half cup raisins if desired. Steam three hours. This is delicious either hot or cold.

Potato Dumplings.

Two cups hot mashed potatoes, butter size of an egg, two eggs, four tablespoons of chicken or other stock, three tablespoons of sweet milk; add a pinch of salt, beat well and add enough flour to stiffen.